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**A Lakeside Musing.**

"I desire to see the dramatic crit-

ic." It was a nicely dressed young lady  
who made this remark as she gazed  
in a somewhat furtive manner into  
the editorial rooms, having appar-  
ently made a successful effort to in-  
stinctively identify the person of  
whom she was in search.

"The dramatic editor," said the  
horse reporter, "is not in just now."  
"I thought so," said the young lady.  
"It seems to me that I would know  
him by sight. He writes, so tenderly  
ly."

"Writes how?"  
"So tenderly. There is always an  
indefinable something in the 'Triton'  
dramatic criticisms that makes  
one feel relaxed and purified after  
reading them. There is a grace of  
diction, a subtlety of thought, con-  
nection with every sentence that re-  
veals appreciation of an artistic mind  
for true art. All that is beautiful  
and pure and good in the realm of  
the drama is set forth in vivid colors  
whose graceful blending and perfect  
unity of purpose combine to make  
a picture that even time itself can  
never altogether erase from the im-  
ages of memory. I shall never forget  
his sweet critique on 'Young Mrs.  
Winthrop.'"

"Neither shall I," responded the  
horse reporter. "I am inclined to  
think that far in the misty future  
there will linger in the vaulted cor-  
ridors of my large Western soul  
some exceedingly fresh memories of  
that critique. I saw the play."

"Did you, indeed?" asked the  
young lady. "Wasn't it charming?"  
"Hardly," was the reply. "On the  
contrary, it struck me as being rather  
unpleasantly for good much, and not  
quite stiff enough for corn-starch pud-  
ding. There was a lack of vigorous  
action, a total absence of that I will  
steal-second-hand-I do spoil - my  
pennings energy that one looks for in a  
drama."

"But the motive," interrupted the  
young lady, "is so pure and the moral  
which the play teaches is such a  
good one."

"O, the motive is all right," assent-  
ed the horse reporter; "but the plot  
looks to me as if it had been written  
by some estimable gentleman who  
had been suddenly called away from a  
ward meeting of the Married Men's  
Dramas Society and ordered to chop  
out a drama in twenty-four hours un-  
der the penalty of immediate excom-  
munication in case of failure. A young  
couple are married and they have a  
child. That is all right. Children are  
a joy forever as long as you can  
keep away from them. The young  
man has a large fortune, which is far  
more probable in a drama than in  
real life, because he wears how-hall-  
I get-out-of-them pants and a kiss-  
me-quick-and-don't-tell-papa hat,  
and I have noticed that young men of  
that kind are not generally wealthy.  
Well, after six years of married life  
Constance and Rupert begin to spar a  
little—drifting apart—the dramatist  
calls it. Instead of staying at home  
and holding Constance on his right  
knee while he warbles rich, war-  
bles into her left ear about his love  
for her. Rupert goes to the club, and  
comes home late after being lazzed  
in his scheme of trying to make three  
aces beat a dash. Constance keeps  
up her end of the procession by going  
to balls and parties. They are drift-  
ing so far apart that it will soon  
be quite a feat in naviga-  
tion for one to see the  
other, when the dread monster, the  
crump, comes along and nips little  
Rupert, the child. This occurs one  
evening while both parents are hur-  
ruling around town. When they  
come home the doctor—who has a  
painfully artificial beard and who  
walks as if he had been suddenly sum-  
moned from the table while eating  
hot mush—and neglected to swallow  
it—tells them that hope has fled. The  
child dies, and this reveals to the  
parents the fact that they have for  
themselves an opulence of affection  
for each other that is quite bewildering  
in view of their previous mutual  
refrigeration. There is the usual  
brisk interchange of 'My darling,' and  
the curtain falls."

"Now, I can't see where the won-  
derful moral lesson of this play comes  
in, unless the idea sought to be con-  
veyed is that every young married  
couple should have a crumpy infant  
on tap to rellight by its sudden and  
unexpected demise the flickering  
torch of hyemal love. There was  
also a blind girl in the play, too, who  
evaded chairs and walked around the  
room with the facility always dis-  
played by stage blind girls; but she  
appeared to have been constructed  
for the express purpose of providing  
a young man who parted his hair in  
the middle with something to spoon  
over, so I don't suppose there was  
any great moral lesson in that."

"Then you don't think 'Young Mrs.  
Winthrop' is a great play?" asked the

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young lady in a regretful tone.

"No. It may do for the elite East,  
where the young men wear high col-  
lars and smoke cigarettes, but in the  
vigorous life of the Golden West it is  
out of place."

"Will the dramatic critic be in  
soon? I should really like to see him."

"Not very soon. He is at the med-  
icine, sizing up Hank."

"Doing what?"  
"Sizing up Hank—Henry Irving—  
and then he is going to a ward meet-  
ing."

"And does the dramatic critic really  
have to do ordinary work?"  
"O, yes. He is occasionally yanked  
off the empyrean heights, just to let  
him know there is such a thing as real  
work."

"Good day," said the young lady.  
"You're very kind, I'm sure."  
"Don't mention it. Come in again  
some day when you think we are  
likely to be out.—Chicago Tribune.

**The Editor in His Den.**

[Cincinnati Saturday Night.]

It was high noon, the editor's lun-  
cheon hour, but the editor sat in his  
office. He had determined to do  
without lunch that day, because he  
had only \$2.00 in his pocket, and he  
wished to use exactly that sum in the  
purchase of a first-water solitaire dia-  
mond shirt-stud that had caught his  
fancy.

As he sat pondering upon the im-  
mutability of all things human, toying  
the while with a massive three-ply,  
gold mounted watch-guard, the door  
opened and a visitor entered, whom  
the editor had reason to believe was  
the bearer of a time-honored bill.

"Twish you—" began the visitor.

"Same to you and many returns,"  
interrupted the editor, as he rose and  
grasped the visitor's hand in a vigor-  
ous clasp.

"Thank you," rejoined the visitor,  
"but I hope you—"

"Well? Perfectly! Never better  
in my life!" interrupted the editor.  
"How do you feel?"

"All right, but a little bit short  
of—"

"Wind?" interrogated the editor,  
commiseratingly. "Well I don't  
wonder. It is a long walk up here.  
I hope some day we will have an ele-  
vator in the building."

"My object in calling—" renewed  
the editor, somewhat feebly.

"Now, my dear fellow no apologies  
I beg. Of course, you know that I  
am a busy man, and in your kind  
desire to tender me the compliments  
of the season you fear that you may  
possibly have intruded. Of course,  
I know your object in calling. What  
object but one could a man have in  
calling upon another on the first day  
of the new year? It is like your  
thoughtfulness to remember me, it is  
like your warm and impulsive nature  
to burst right in upon me without  
ceremony. But I will listen to no  
apology," and he bowed the visitor  
out effusively.

**The True Wife.**

Often times I have seen a tall ship  
glide by against the tide as if drawn  
by some invisible bowline, with a  
hundred strong arms pulling it. Her  
sails were nullified, she had neither  
side-wheel nor stern-wheel; still she

moved on stately, in serene triumph,

as with her own life. But I knew  
that on the other side of the ship hid-  
den beneath the great bulk that swam  
majestically, there was a little, toil-  
some steam tug, with a heart of fire  
and arms of iron, that was tugging it  
bravely on, and I knew that if the  
little tug untwined her arms and left  
the ship it would wallow and roll  
about and drift hither and thither,  
and go off with the reluctant tide, no  
man knows whither. And so I have  
known more than one genius, high-  
doctored, full-fledged, idle-sailed,  
gay-pennoned, but that for the bare,  
toiling arms and leave, warm-bent  
heart of the faithful little wife that  
nestles close to him, so that no  
wind or wave could part them,  
would have gone down with the  
stream, and have been heard of no  
more.—O. W. Holmes.

**EXCHANGE SCINTILLATIONS.**

Many blind people profess to enjoy  
the beauties of Nature, although they  
never fully real-eyes them.—Madison-  
ville Times.

The Latin word for boy is "puer."  
A more appropriate name for the  
average boy of to-day would be lun-  
pare.—Madisonville Times.

Nearly ninety million eggs are en-  
ten in this country annually, and hens  
are beginning to lay in complaint  
against the over-work necessary to  
keep demand and supply balanced.—  
Glasgow Times.

It is said that the earth will be  
burned up in 1,000,000,000,000,000  
years, but who cares? No residue of  
the present generation will then re-  
main, except Susan B. Anthony and  
Fitz-John Porter bill.—Glasgow  
Times.

One man was asked by another,  
with whom he was on the best of  
terms, where he had taken up his  
abode. Oh! he replied, "I'm living  
by the canal at present. I should be  
delighted if you would drop in some  
evening."—Frankfort Yeoman.

Mr. John Wright of Hopkinsville,  
who recently succeeded in eating  
thirty partridges—one each day for  
thirty consecutive days—is certainly  
a game man. It was a big job, how-  
ever, and he came very near throw-  
ing it up before he got half through.  
—Bowling Green Gazette.

This is an editor. He is a favored  
son of fortune. He rolls in wealth,  
and has no work to do. Oh, no. He  
never works. He only edits a paper.  
All he has to do is to sit down and  
proceed to edit. He has only to look  
over a few hundred exchanges, toy  
with a mail bag full of letters, write  
a half dozen columns of able articles,  
be very profound or felicitously hu-  
morous at a moment's notice, know  
everything and please everybody. It  
is simply delicious. Happy man.  
He lives like a king and sleeps on a  
bed of roses.—Peoples Paper.

**Origin of O. K.**

During the Harrison campaign in  
the days of log cabins and hard cider,  
an immense ratification meeting was  
held at Dayton, Ohio. All of the  
surrounding counties were represent-  
ed with delegations and appropriate  
devices; that of Dark county being

the then cabistic one, O. K. The

Chairman of the meeting, in opening  
the exercises, took occasion to refer  
to the various mottoes in explanatory  
and complimentary terms—all of  
which he did to the entire satisfaction  
of himself and his hearers, until he  
came to the Dark county banner  
which utterly nonplussed him. The  
bearer of this banner with its "strange  
device," seeing his unfortunate pre-  
dicament, came to his relief by ex-  
claiming in stentorian tones "Dark  
county O. K.—all correct." The  
above facts are gathered from Capt.  
C. R. Edwards, of this county, who  
was present at the time.—Bowling  
Green Gazette.

**COPIED COMMENTS.**

**SOUTH GRAPES.**  
Gen. Sherman declares he does not  
want the Presidency. That's all well  
enough. He couldn't get it if he did.  
—Bowling Green Gazette.

**NO MORE HEBEOTYPHICS.**  
The schoolmaster is abroad in Ken-  
tucky. The bills offered by the Rep-  
resentatives are frequently so badly  
written that the Clerks can't read  
them. Speaker Ollitt was compelled  
to listen to the prayers of the Clerks,  
and hereafter all bills must be legibly  
written before they will be received  
and read.—Commercial.

"HE LAUGHS BEST WHO LAUGHS LAST."  
The Danville Tribune boasts that  
it has never supported a Presidential  
ticket that was defeated. This may  
be true, but it does not by any means  
follow that it never will, especially if  
it supports the nominee of the Re-  
publican party at the coming election.  
Better join the Democracy, friend  
Tribune, if you wish to be on the  
winning side next time.—Bowling  
Green Gazette.

**WHY IS IT?**  
The press of Southern and Western  
Kentucky was almost a unit for Swe-  
ney, a Southern Kentucky man, but  
the Senators and Representatives  
from this end of the State continued to  
divide up and give half their strength  
to Williams or Blackburn. Southern  
Kentucky will always "sneak the blind  
test" as long as our representatives  
pursue this policy. Hereafter South-  
ern Kentucky should elect men who  
will stand by their own portion of  
the State.—Madisonville Times.

**NOT IN LOVE WITH CHIEF.**  
The utter folly of nominating a  
man like Arthur for the Presidency is  
rapidly becoming manifest to Repub-  
licans generally excepting a few  
office-holders in every State who are  
afraid to antagonize him during the  
brief remainder of his term of office.  
After the fourth of March, 1885, he  
will sink into a more profound ob-  
scurity than any ex-President ever  
did. There is nothing about him to  
excite enthusiasm. He is simply a  
New York machine politician, with  
all the cunning and wire-working  
proclivities that the term implies.  
Through the mistaken favor of Con-  
kling, and by means of the "lottery  
of assassination," he was placed in the  
highest office on earth, which he is  
filling in a King Log, do-nothing sort  
of a way—void of offense, and void of  
anything else.—Evansville Journal.

## "THE TRUE BLUE"



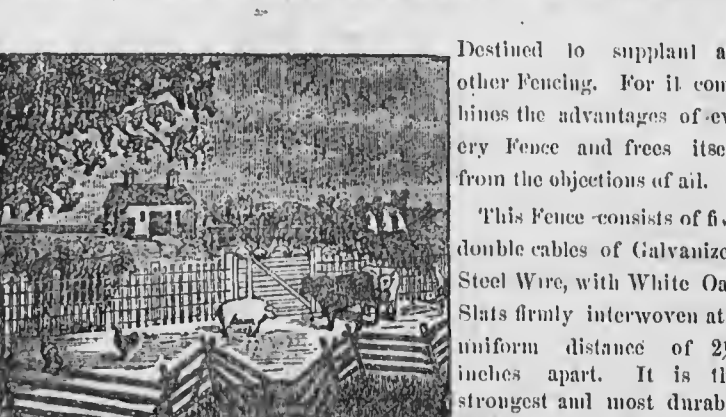
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